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The Country Lass.

Although I am a country lass, A lofty mind I bear : I think myself as good as those Who gay apparel wear. My dress is made of homely gray, Yet is my skin as soft As those who using choice perfumes Do scent their garments oft.

At times I keep my father's sheep, A thing that must be done; A garland of the fairest flowers Oft shades me from the sun. And when I see them feeding by, Where grass and flowers spring, Close by a crystal fountain clear, I sit me down and sing.

I take my part in household work, I card, I sew, I spin, I milk the cows at early morn, Kind Robin's smile I win; I bake and brew with sister Sue, My brother's hose I darn; At harvest time the sickle wield, And winnow in the barn.

My ruddy cheeks with glow of health Seek neither paint nor patching; At church I have my duty learnt, And need no constant watching. With Robin at the Whitsuntide I dance upon the green, While pipe and tabor cheer the throng, A merry set, I ween.

I envy not the ladies fine, With skirts that sweep the ground, Nor trained to any useful art, They're good for nothing found. In idleness their days are spent Abroad for recreation ; We country lasses bate their pride, And keep the country fashion.

Then, do not scorn the country lass, Though she go plain and meanly; Who takes a country girl to wife That goeth neat and cleanly, Is better sped than if he wed A lady from the city, For there they are so idly bred, They're only worth our pity.

"Is that you, Elinor?" The pale face was raised eagerly and turned toward the door, as though the bandaged eyes could see through their covering, and then, as the newcomer came swiftly across the room and sat down on the low seat beside the sofa, the disheveled head settled back on the tumbled pillows with a sigh of relief and satisfaction, although she had been gone from the room only a

"Yes, it is I;" and the deft fingers straightened out the cushions and smoothed back the rough hair from his forehead as they did so many weary times daily. "How are the poor eyes? -it is time to attend to them now;" and the same light, skillful hands adjusted the bandage quickly, but tenderly. "The doctor says you are improving every hour-it is only patience that you need now, for a little time-and thenoh, Max-I am so thankful!" and the cheerful voice broke down suddenly, as Max Valentine's arm drew her close, and the bright face was hidden for a moment

"And I owe it all to you," he whispered, holding her closer yet. "No other could have brought me through it as you have done, danling!" And Elinor Marcelon, as she rested her tired head there, felt that she was more than repaid for all the work and worry and unrest of the past weeks-all the weariness and misery of it-now that he was so nearly well again.

It was a very narrow escape this of Max Valentine's-a long, hard struggle for life it had been; but with Elinor to help and pray for him, he had con-

Fortunate it was for him that he had fallen into such hands; for, although Paul Marcelon's household and housekeeping was of rather a "mixed" and Bohemian style, he was honestly fond of his friend, and, when he saw the illness coming on, had taken him in and given him the best of everything—even to the only spare chamber, and his own sister

"Don't send for any one." That was Max's cry from the first. 'They will kill me if they come sniveling around. Promise that you won't let any one know unless you must;" and that promise being made, he gave himself up to delirium and fever, and Elinor Marcelon nursed him through it, and brought him almost out of the "valley of the shadow of pale but very determined. death," feeling, with every hour that she passed by his sick-bed, that he grew

nearer and dearer to her. He had made love to her in a light, careless way ever since he first began to drop into Paul's studio now and then; and she, being quite used to that style of thing from most of Paul's numerous acquaintances ever since her childhood, had accepted it as a matter of course until he was taken ill; then it came to whom I can love. her suddenly and clearly that he was the one man in all this world to her, and now she knew that she had saved him,

"I've some news for you, Max," she said, suddenly breaking the little silence which had fallen between them. know you long for something of the kind, shut up in this dreary room. We have a new arrival-a far-away cousin of ours-who has taken a fancy to study art under Paul's guidance. and is to stay

with us all winter." savagely. "I hope he doesn't intend to of the Danube army, Abdul Kerim. The monopolize you, Nellie. I purpose do- old man has the most gigantic appetite

Elinor was only too glad to feel that she healed, as has been demonstrated on tinued to gasp for nearly an bour, both in the smallest degree, will soon be overwas a help and a comfort to him. Once several occasions.

or twice the new cousin came up to sit with him and Elinor for a while, but she declared the dimly-lighted room "poky" and the patient "cross," and he never took the trouble to urge her to stay. "We are happier alone," he said,

when Elinor gently remonstrated with him for his plainly evinced indifference. "But you have not seen her yet," persisted Elinor. She is just lovely, Maxthey all rave about her in the studio"but Max was loftily uninterested.

The first day that Max ventured downstairs with his hand resting heavily on Elinor's shoulder, he came suddenly upon the "new cousin" sitting in the sunshiny, untidy little sitting-room, with Mrs. Paul's baby in her arms. He had thought very little about the "new cousin," and this sudden meeting was a

He had seen many beautiful women, but this woman, with her fair face, her great glittering golden hair, was even to him a had swollen to torrents. In the cab of lay them between two cloths to dry. Boil surprise and a wonder.

The bright sunlight fell on her bowed head, and on the pure, sweet, almost unreal face, and she looked up and smiled.

For a moment he gazed at her as though spellbound; then with a sudden, awkward consciousness of having expressed in his look an admiration which he had no right either to feel or show. He greeted her lightly, and in a moment was his whimsical quizzical self again; laughing and jesting as in the old days before the dreary sick-room was even

thought of. That night Elinor, watching Alice as she brushed out the glittering waves of her hair before the little looking-glass in their chamber, felt a new, sudden pang of—was it?—jealousy in her heart; and when Alice, turning suddenly, smiled down at her through the golden veil, she shrank back in the shadow, half fearing the great, dark eyes would read her thoughts.

"A fine fellow, that Max Valentine," said Alice, as though following out a train of thought; "odd for him to come here to be ill. He is his uncle's favorite nephew, and will have a mint of money sometime. You didn't know it? You are the oddest people, you and Paul, that I ever saw. I haven't been here two weeks yet, and I know more about the depths below. The engine passed all your friends than you do. However, over the brow of the hill. It rolled down it's so;" and the white elbows were the embankment to the very base and placed on the shabby bureau, the dimpled chin resting on the pink palms, and three occupants of the cab were beneath the owner of the perfect face gazed at it long and earnestly in the mirror, while Elinor sank into an astonishingly sudden and deep slumber, from which she awoke as suddenly when Alice was at last asleep beside her.

Those next days were very dreary ones to Elinor. Her loyal heart refused to believe at first that Max could be untrue to her even in thought; but daily Alice's fascinations were exerted, until at last, even Paul noticed it, and spoke

of it in his rough way. "The girl shall go," he said; "she shall not ruin your life in this way. Nellie. Max does not really care for her, but she monopolizes him; and, if it comes to that, he is yours in honor bound;" but Elinor pleaded with him.
"I care for him," she said, "more than for all the world—so much that my happiness is nothing if he be not content. Would you have your sister marry man who cares for another woman, Paul? Let him choose between us, if it

comes to that." And so Paul was silenced; but, one day, Max returning from a walk with Alice, called "Nellie" in vain, and Mrs. Paul, with the ever-present baby in her arms, handed him a little missive directed

to him in Elinor's clear hand: "DEAR MAX (the note said)-I am going away for a time. Don't come for me, don't write to me, until you are sure of your own heart. Remember that you can do me no more cruel injury than to the flashes of the pistol five men, hudmarry me when you love another. Let no false idea of honor influence you. You know me thoroughly. Learn to done the firing had fled, and the passenknow her, and if you love her, God bless | gers came out of the cars. Walking foryou both. Think of this well for a month, and then do as your heart tells had been tampered with. One man As ever, ELINOR."

Slowly the days went by, dragging wretchedly along to Elinor-slowly, all too slowly, to Max Valentine, although he was Alice Barden's constant companion all the while. He missed Elinor's bright smile, her ready, helpful hands; he missed the long, quiet evening talks; in fact-and every day made him sure of it—he missed Elinor.

At last, one morning, as Paul Marcelon was working industriously (for a wonder) in his studio, he was interrupted by the advent of Max Valentine,

"What is it, old fellow?" said Paul, looking back over his shoulder, with a brush uplifted; and then Max broke out, savagely:

"I'll be hanged if I can stand this kind of thing any longer, Marcelon. Tell me where Nellie is. I must go and bring her back. She told me to do as my heart told me, and my heart tells me that she is the only woman in the world

The uplifted brush fell to the floor. and Paul Marcelon's hand, adorned with divers daubs of paint, grasped Max Valentine's heartily.

"I was sure of it !" he said, enthusiastically. "I knew it would come out all right;" and before another day had passed Elinor Marcelon knew that all distrust was at an end, and that her lover was hers, and hers alone, in very truth.

A war correspondent writes: I have an "I hate new people," Max answered item relative to the Turkish commander Suddenly Mrs. Beatty exclaimed: "I

TRAIN WRECKERS DETECTED.

How a Faithful Engineer Went Down to His Death-"I Could have Jumped and Saved Myself, but the Train Would have Gone

The cases of Leroy Oliver, George B. Gibson, James Long, and Allen M. Greenstreet, the four desperadoes who are held as the wreckers of the Texas express upon the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, on the night of June 2, were called before a grand jury at Dixon, the county seat of Pulaski county, Missouri, a special session of that body having been ordered. The details of the affair were slow in developing, owing to the suppression of the facts up to the time of the capture of the four men. On the night of June second, when

the Texas express entered the gloom of the engine, Frank Caton, the engineer, stood with his hand upon the throttle and peered into the tempest, keeping a sharp lookout for any obstructions that over. the storm might have thrown upon the track. By his side was Sam Richardson, a hardy young fellow, the fireman of the engine. There was one other man on the engine, a friend of Caton's, Dr. E. L. Atkinson, who had stepped aboard to ride a few miles. The train was on a fill. Forty feet below was the level of the of rubbish and leaves upon the track. At the same instant his eye, accustomed to dark nights and the distinguishing of objects in dim light, saw the form of a man stealing into the deeper darkness, away from the light of the engine's beacon, far down at the base of the hill. He suspected foul play. With one hand he pulled the cord, and the engine gave a warning shriek. Then he seized the reverse lever, and, with a desperate pull, reversed the engine and applied the air brake. Too late! With his hands yet upon the lever, he went to his death. The engine reached the seeming obstructions. A trap had been laid. Two rails had been loosened at one end, and their who did it was to plunge the train into

When the engine left the track and started upon the path made by the misplaced rails, it gave a wild plunge and bound. The coupling between the tender and the baggage car gave way, but not until the heavy car turned upon its side. The remainder of the train came to a dead stand still, safe upon the track.

board. The traffic is generally light on Saturday night. Some of them were dozing in their seats. Others sat looking out into the gloom, listening to the howling of the storm. When the warning shriek of the engine was followed by the sudden and violent stoppage of the train, the passengers sprang to the windows to ascertain what was the matter. A. H. Wilson, the conductor of the train, was seated in a rear car. He seized the lantern, and jumping from the platform, started forward. He had struggled through the mud and weeds at the side of the track but a few feet when a pistol shot was heard. A bullet passed through his hat. The bullet came within an eighth of an inch of his scalp. The sensation stunned him partially, and he fell to the ground. His lantern was extinguished. Seven more shots were fired in quick succession, and then everything was quiet. The shots came from the ravine upon the side of the fill down which the engine had plunged. One passenger, with his face close to a window, saw by dled together in the shadows. It became evident that the parties who had ward, they saw at a glance how the rails picked up a new monkey-wrench, a claw hammer, and a common laborer's pickaxe. These had been used to tear the

rails from their strong fastenings. All hands groped down the muddy bank to where the wrecked engine lay. emitting angry volumes of steam. Word passed that there were men beneath. Willing hands set to work. The body of the fireman was taken out, burned, scalded, and mangled. He must have died instantly. Next the searchers secured the remains of Dr. Atkinson. Then they came to poor Frank Caton, the engineer. He was burned, scalded, and crushed, but he was still alive. He clung to life with a tenacity that was wonderful, and it was full two hours before death put an end to his sufferings. Speaking slowly and with an effort that was agonizing, he told those who gathered about him how he had noticed the obstructions, how he had tried to save the train, and how he and his companion had gone down to death. When he had told his story he feebly gasped: "I could have jumped and saved myself, but the train would have gone down." These were his last words.

Drowned in the Surf.

Philadelphia, was drowned at Atlantic City while attempting to rescue Mrs. Matilda Phillips, of New York city, who had gotten beyond her depth. Just before the accident Mr. Beatty, with his fermenting, it can be cooked in the old wife and little daughter, were sitting in way. the Surf House watching the bathers. believe that woman is drowning," pointin Europe. His dinner ordinarily condistance beyond the other bathers, thrust in the window of a room where he tears, and bewailed the unhappy fate Long, who resides several miles south ing toward Mrs. Phillips, who was some ing that myself."

"He?" laughed Nellie. "I don't think 'he' cherishes any such intention. 'He is a young lady, Max, and one of the is a young lady, Max, and the came, the window of a room where he theres. Howard, the philanthropist, was an distance beyond the other bathers.

I believe she is, and bewailed the unnappy late which had not only deprived him of this city, began to have the window of a room where he which had not only deprived him of this city, began to have the window of a room where he wish through the window of a room where he which had not only deprived him of this city, began to The is a young lady, Max, and one of the loveliest ones I ever saw—Alice Barden. I am sure you will like her."

The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the grain and took a sample of it to a miller body. A crowd gathered around, and in it were and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, the son of a linen out to keep and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, then the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, the water and swam nose in." The nose was let in, the water and swam nose in." T shore, but the drowning woman seized tremely inconvenienced at the ungainly them to leave the poor man without his crop per bushel. He struck a bar- litical writer, was the son of a butcher. "I trust so," answered Max, dryly; but on general principles. I hate new beard of the movements of the Muscovites.

And then the subject was After this, Max grew rapidly better. But even after the bandage was taken from his eyes, and he was able to walk upon a down the dimly-lighted room from his eyes, and he was able to walk upon a down the dimly-lighted room for this character, the venerable drowning woman seized the more and dragged him under. By them to leave the poor man without his crop per bushel. He struck a bar-drowning woman seized them to leave the poor man without his legs and dragged him under. By this time a large crowd had collected on the beach and boats put out to their assistance. The two did not sink, but the fable concerns all. When temptative part of a butcher, as the son of a butcher, was the son of an innkeeper companion he had obtained, in a room this legs and dragged him under. By this time a large crowd had collected on the beach and boats put out to their assistance. The two did not sink, but the fable concerns all. When temptative part of the beach and boats put out to their assistance. The two did not sink, but the fable concerns all. When temptative part of the beach and boats put out to their assistance. The two did not sink, but the drowning woman seized the man, taking the saddle was made to the man, the more of a butcher. A subscription was made, and the man, the more of a butcher. Whitefield was the son of an innkeeper companion he had obtained, in a room warrior is supposed to be looking after the back and dragged him under. By this time a large crowd had collected on the man, at globely the son of a butcher. The same part of the man, the man, the man that the man, the man that the man, at globely the son of a butcher. The same part of the man, the man that the man, the man that the man, at globely the son of a butcher. The more of a butcher, and the man, the man that the man, the man that the man, the man that the man that the man, the man that the man, the man that the man, up and down the dimly-lighted room sure cure for burns. By laying a smiall but when the boat reached the shore tion occurs we must not yield to it. We pure sympathy, a whistle was heard at field, and it turned out to be almost 800 garth was an apprentice to an engraver; stant requisition. Like most petted pain subsides immediately. By leaving sent for, and means were taken to resusindividuals, he grew very exacting, but the charcoal on for an hour the wound is citate them. But though they con-

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. Recipes.

SPICE COOKIES. -Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, one cup of currants, sufficient flour to make it stiff enough to roll out.

A GOOD CUSTARD. -Scald a quart of milk, take off the scum, and pour it hot on the beaten eggs. Take five eggs; throw out the yelks of two; three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, a chip or two of lemon or orange and a little vanilla. Set it to steaming in a close-covered vessel, and steam five or six minutes; then set it on ice, and it certainly is delicious.

PICKLED ONIONS .- Take some small onions, peel and throw them into a stewthe Ozark mountains, a terrific storm of wind and rain was raging. The storm was a tempest in force. Little streams clear; then take them out quickly and some vinegar with ginger and a whole pepper, and, when cold, pour it over the onions in glass jars, and tie them closely

Brown Bread.—In a gallon crock mix one quart Graham flour and one quart white flour. Make a hole in the center. put in two tablespoonfuls of molasses and two of brown sugar, a pinch of salt and a cup of warm water. Stir thoroughly and add half a cup of good yeast. Set this sponge at night; in the morning add ground.. The engineer observed a heap a little warm water, mix stiff and raise again, mould into loaves, and, when sufficiently light, bake two hours in a slow

JAMS. — In making jams the fruit should be carefully cleaned and thoroughly bruised, as mashing it before cooking prevents it from becoming hard. Boil fifteen or twenty minutes before adding the sugar, as the flavor of the fruit is thus better preserved (usually allowing three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit), and then boil half an hour longer. Jams require almost constant stirring, and every house-keeper should be provided with a small paddle with handle at right angles with the blade (similar to an apple-butter "stirrer," only smaller), to be used in making jams and marmalades. To tell when any jam or marmalade is sufficiently cooked, take out some of it on a plate and let it cool. If no juice or moisture gathers about it, and it looks dry and for underwear. glistening, it is done thoroughly. Put up in glass or small stone jars, and seal

jams in a cool, dark and dry place. Farm Notes. Ashes. - Do not allow ashes of any kind to be wasted. It will pay to haul leached ashes several miles, when one has his own team and a laborer at fair wages. Coal ashes when spread around There were but few passengers on berry bushes of any sort, or around grape vines, will aid materially in pro-

or secure like jellies. Keep jellies and

ducing large and fair fruit. A correspondent of the Pacific Rural Press says: "The only effectual remedy for wire-worm I know of is a thorough cultivation of the soil. Those that are troubled with them will find by examining their soil that it is cold, and by stirring it thoroughly it will get warmer. By so doing they will kill the wire-worm, as it cannot live in warm ground."

PREVENTION OF SWARMING.-A correspondent of the Bee Keepers Magazine. in relation to the swarming of bees, says: "After I have had all the increase I desire, when a hive shows an inclina tion to swarm I move it to the place of some weaker hive. In that way I make all my colonies strong, and when I have accomplished that object but still have a hive that threatens to swarm I change places with another, that may also show signs of swarming. The change of workers destroys the propensity of swarming for the time being, and by giving them plenty of box room they will store honey, and if they are again inclined to swarm, you may move back

again and it will have the effect.' KEEPING DOWN THE WEEDS .- The London Garden remaks: "The only remedy for weeds is prompt destruction in a young state. Weeds are easily eradicated if never allowed to advance beyond the seed-leaf. Once let their roots run deep and wide, and their tops rise high, and then the weeds are masters in the garden. It provokes one to see the complacency with which some cultivators allow weeds to establish themselves in flower beds or borders, or on roads and walks, and their subsequent futile efforts to subjugate them. Prompt destruction will vanquish the very worst of them. Plantains, grass, thistles and docks, are perhaps the most difficult to eradicate. But if by any neglect these have gained a strong footing in any garden, constant beheading alone will lestroy them. No plant can live long if never allowed to form leaves or stems, and the shortest, surest, easiest way to eradicate the worst weeds is by incessant cutting off all their visible parts.'

Canning Cold Berries. Mrs. L. C. Pennell, the inventor, has been successful in canning cold berries

and fruit so that they will keep the season through, and housekeepers generally will be glad to learn how she does it. Taking berries, peas, beans, or corn, she fills the jar, bottle or tumbler brimful of the raw, fresh and perfectly sound Moore Beatty, a wealthy builder of fruit. She then pours in clear cold water to fill the interstices, screws on the cover or puts in the cork, turns the vesaccident any of the fruit show signs of

> The Miller and the Camel. The Arabs have a fable of a miller who

Fashion Notes.

Bunting is the seaside dress. The new shade of pink is rose tre-The latest notion in kid gloves is half

Ivory white berege is in favor for even-

The latest novelty in printed cambrics s Indiennes.

The Serbian costume is the rival of the Black lace mitts are worn with all kinds

of dresses. Embroidery appears on nearly all summer dress toilets.

Plaided and plain hosiery is more fashionable than striped.

Lace fichus and collerettes, with cuffs to match, grow in favor.

Grenadine is full dress for matrons, but not for young girls. The French twist is still the most fash-

ionable morning coiffure. Black satin shoes covered with embroideries are very fashionable. The most fashionable lawn dresses are

moonlight blue and sorrel green. Handkerchiefs and neckties for morning wear are trimmed with colored torchon laces.

Narrow bands of black velvet ribbon worn around the hair in Grecian style are coming in vogue.

Navy blue percale, trimmed with white embroidery and Clovis lace, is the costume of the moment.

The prettiest seaside hats are of white Panama, trimmed with white bunting scarfs and deep red roses. A stylish costume is effected by trimming colored cambric with salmon col-

Ivory mohair braids, embroidered in black or in color to suit the materials, appear on many of the most stylish sum-

ored torchon lace and salmon ribbon

mer suits. White berege evening dresses are prettily brighted up with colored ribbon bows, such as ruby, Mandarin, or tur-

quoise color. Dentelle filet is a new, durable lace, of ton, J. T. Trowbridge, R. H. Stoddard, the character of guipure d'art, which, to T. W. Higginson, mainly upon fugitive some extent, is taking the place of torchon writing.

Fine white torchon laces edged with color-blue, red, pink, tilleul, or blackis made up into fichus, collars, and cuffs and we gather the honey of worldly wisof various styles.

white plaited muslin, embroidered on the | nights blight young plants. edge in color to match the dress with which they are worn, or edged with colored torchon or Clovis lace.

There is a run upon green; we have had Holbein, sage, myrtle, willow, bronze, and moss green, and now we have Oseille cuite (cooked sorrel), a yellowish green shade, which combines with singularly stylish effect with either pale blue or pink.

The mousquetaire cuffs of lace to be worn outside the sleeve have been heralded for some time, and are now found among the importations. They are six inches deep, and square, or else they are closed in gauntlet shape for the hand to be slipped through. At present they are only shown in the white and colored torchon laces that are worn with summer costumes. Accompanying these are broad collerettes that fasten behind and picion of having betrayed it. have long jabots in front.

Diamends in Brazil.

The operation of working for these precious gems is a very simple one. The alluvia soil (the cascalhoa) is dug up from the bed of the river and removed to a convenient spot on the banks for working. The process is as follows: A rancho is erected about a hundred feet long, and half that distance in width; down the middle of the area is conveyed a canal covered with earth; on the other side of the area a flooring of planks about six-teen feet in length, extending the whole length of the shed, and to which an inclined direction is given; this flooring is divided into troughs, into which is thrown a portion of cascalhoa; the water is then let in, and the earth raked until the water becomes clear; the earthly particles having been washed away, the gravel is raked up to the end of the trough; the largest stones are thrown out, and afterward the smaller ones; the whole is then examined with great care for diamonds. When a negro finds one, he claps his hands, stands in an erect posture, holding the diamond between his fore-finger and thumb; it is received by one of the overseers posted on lofty seats, at equal distances, along the line of the work. On the conclusion of the work, the diamonds found during the day are weighed and registered by the overseer en chef. If a negro has a good fortune to find a stone weighing upwards of seventeen carats, he is immediately manumitted, and for smaller stones proportionate premiums are given.

A Cossack and His Horse. Many stories are told of the cleverness

of the Cossacks in obtaining what they need for themselves or horses, and all tend to show that their morality is of a different type to that of European civilization generally. Some of the stories may sel upside down, and that is all. If by possibly have been invented, but they show the general tone of feeling, and what is expected from these quaint, reckless, merry troops. Passing through the streets of Galatz, the thin, wearylooking horse of a Cossack fell suddenly, and lay apparently lifeless on the was one day startled by a camel's nose ground. Its master was moved even to

PROFITS OF LITERATURE.

Well-Known Authors, and What they Live On-Interesting Figures. Longfellow is independent in circumstances-probably worth \$100,000 to \$200,000; but the greatest part of it has come to him through his wife, long since deceased, who was rich in her own

Emerson has not made, from his remarkable little volumes, over \$20,000. He has gained nearly as much more by lecturing; and yet, by excellent management, which one might not expect from the high idealist, and by a serene philosophy of a practical sort, he con-

tinues to live on his small property. Bryant is often cited as an instance of a rich author. He is rich, but not by authorship. All the money he has directly earned by his pen, outside of his journal, would not exceed, in all probability, \$25,000, notwithstanding his estate is estimated at \$500,000.

Hawthorne was poor to his dying day, and might have suffered but for his appointment to the consulship at Liverpool by his friend, President Pierce. Lowell is independent in circum-stances—no thanks to his fine poetry

and essays, however.
Whittier, like most thrifty New Englanders, owns his own house, and beneath its humble roof, it is said, he has sometimes subsisted—he is a bachelor—

on \$500 a year. Holmes is well off by the practice of the medical profession, by marriage and inheritance, albeit not by poems, lectures, novels, nor "Autocrats of the Breakfast Table." All that he has writ-

ten has not brought him \$25,000. J. G. Holland is frequently named as an author who has amassed wealth. His books have sold as largely as those of any American writer, and, whatever may be thought of his ability, he still has a vast constituency. He is not at all rich

George William Curtis is dependent on his salary from the Harpers; so is Mr. William D. Howells dependent upon

his editorship of the Atlantic. Bret Harte, T. B. Aldrich, James Par-

Thoughts for Saturday Night. Through woe we are taught to reflect,

dom not from flowers, but thorns. Some of the newest balageuses are of Frowns blight young children as frostly

The surest remedy against scandal is

to live it down. A good man will be doing good wheresoever he is. His trade is a compound

of charity and justice. The vices of the rich and great are mistaken for errors, and those of the poor and lowly for crimes.

The current coin of life is plain sound sense. We drive a more substantial and thriving trade with that than aught else. The moral courage that will face obloquy in a good cause is a much rarer gift than the bodily valor that will confront death in a bad one.

in a thousand contingencies to the sus-

We ought never to believe evil of anyone till we are certain of it. We ought not to say anything that is rude and displeasing even in a joke; and we ought

never to carry jokes too far. It is the most beautiful truth in morals, that we have no such thing as a distinct or divided interest from our race. In their welfare, is ours, and by choosing the broadest paths to effect their happiness, we choose the surest and the short-

est to our own. It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful dispositition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

A Turkish Town in Asia Minor. The streets of Erzeoum are compared

by a correspondent to a net of wriggling eels. No squares, no good-looking houses, offer anywhere a means of setground, with grass roofs, on which may frequently be seen muffled-up women, children at play and lambs frisking about. Children and lambs sometimes fall through the chimney into the house, in which men, horses, oxen, cows and sheep live together. In bad weather the chimneys are covered with flat stones, and then the smoke fills the room or very much resemble those of pussy at her toilet. It is plain, even to the naked stable, whichever one chooses to call it. A small part of this room, devoid of light eye, that he does his work thoroughly, or air, in which a fire made of dung and for when he has finished he looks like a finely-cut straw burns, is separated by a new fly, so clean and neat has he made railing. Here paterfamilias sits on a himself within a few minutes. The rug, smoking his chibougue or nargileh, white cord is defiled, but floppy is himself again, and he bids the morningand receives guests. The preparation of self again, and he bids the food gives little trouble; a penny a day glories a very good evening. suffices to satisfy the palate and stomach, even in wealthy families. A little bread and cheese, perhaps a cucumber, under favorable circumstances a pilaff, on feast days a piece of mutton, which the Armenian women roast particularly wellthat is the whole bill of fare.

Large Wheat Yield.

The Dayton (Ohio) Democrat says: On the second of July a farmer named

She Came to Me.

She came to me. And her coming seemed to be Like the coming of the dawn O'er a dark and silent sea : Like a swell of music, born

In perfect harmony. She came to me, And her coming seemed to be Like the blooming of the rose,

Fraught with sweets alone for me: Like the falling of the snows, In spotless purity. She came to me.

And could I her slave but be? The deep love light in her eyes, On her lips the laughter free,

Bade my slumbering soul arise, And sing in melody. She came to me-Mine, my sweet through life to be, Nor death the bonds can sever-

My beauteous mystery, My soul's sole queen, my ever Peerless divinity.

Items of Interest.

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

Woe to the inexperienced little fish who goes out to enjoy himself on his own

Thinness is an unpardonable fault in Turkish women, and is considered as good a ground for divorce as snoring or grinding the teeth in sleep.

"The worm will turn." Quite so; but the Italian organ grinders are not aware of it, or assuredly they would im-press him into their service. There were 25,527 dozens of eggs, 31,488 pounds of butter, 25,350 birds and 10,220 boxes of berries consumed in

a Chicago hotel in one season. vast constituency. He is not at all like in the New York sense; he may be worth \$200,000, but most of this he got by his partnership in the Springfield Republique gowns of their own make, and then put into type their "compositions" for publi-

If the czar just wishes to perfectly annhilate the Turks, he should arm his soldiers with firearms "supposed to be empty." They do more damage now-a-

days than any other weapon, "Would you believe," said a thriftless young man to a friend, "that I had a fortune in my grasp the other evening?"
"How so?" asked the friend. "I shook hands with a girl whose fingers were

covered with diamonds," A Miss Buchanan, once rallying a brave soldier on his courage, said: "Now Captain —, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to the cannon's month without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's, either." And he did it.

"Suppose we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughters, "that no girl eighteen years old who can't cook a good meal shall get marked till she learns how to do it?" "Why, then, we'd all get married at seventeen," responded the girls in a sweet chorus.

How Mr. and Mrs. Fly Take a Wash. The toilet of the fly is as carefully attended to as that of the most frivolous Never seek to be entrusted with your friend's secret; for no matter how faithfully you may keep it, you may be liable reserves for the most ignoble uses-he brushes himself up and wabbles his lit-tle round head, chuck full of vanity, wherever he happens to be, Sometimes, after a long day of dissipation and flirting, with his six small legs and little round belly all soiled with syrup and butter and cream, he passes out of the dining-room and wings his way to the clean white cord along which the morning glories climb, and in this retired spot, heedless of the crafty spider that is practicing gymnastics a few feet above him, he proceeds to purify and sweeten himself for the refreshing repose and soft dreams of the balmy summer night, so necessary to one who is expected to be early at breakfast. It is a wonderful toilet. Resting himself on his front and middle legs he throws his hind legs rapidly over his body, binding down his fretting is one that grows rapidly unless frail wings for an instant with the presit be sternly repressed; and the best way sure, then raking them over with a back-to overcome it is to try always to look on ward motion, which he repeats until they are bright and clear. Then he pushes the two legs along his body under his wings, giving that queer structure a thorough currying, every now and then throwing the legs out and rubbing them together to remove what he has collected from his corporeal surting oneself right; everywhere nothing face. Next he goes to work upon his but houses, rising slightly from the van. Resting on his hind legs and middle legs, he raises his two forelegs and begins a vigorous scraping of his head and shoulders, using his probescis every little while to push the accumulation from his limbs. At times he is so energetic that it seems as if he were trying to pull his head off, but no fly ever com-

Origin of Geniue.

mitted suicide. Some of his motions

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself. Claude Lorraine was brought up a pastry cook. Moliere, the great French comic writer, was the son of a tapestry maker. Cervantes served as a common soldier. Homer was a beggar. Hesiod was the son of a small farmer; Demosthenes of a cutler. Terence, the Latin comic writer, was a slave. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard, the philanthropist, was an